I Get So Tired

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I Get So Tired

by WordsAblaze

Summary

> “I take doctor-client confidentiality very seriously, Will."
>
> “I’m not really a client,” Will argues half-heartedly.
>
> “No,” Hannibal agrees, reaching up to lift Will’s glasses, his fingers just ghosting the other man’s skin as he removes the offending item, “I suppose you’re not.”
>
> Now with little excuse to avoid his gaze, Will looks up at him with a strange expression, somewhere between suspicion and gratitude. But Hannibal is drawn more to the bags under his eyes that seem to have worsened overnight.

Notes

> i've had a long day so here's some vaguely angsty fluff....
>
> day 26 prompts used: working to exhaustion / "you look awful"

See the end of the work for more notes

When Will emerges from the victim's house, Hannibal can't help but frown at the dark shadows under his eyes.

He watches as Will recounts his analysis to Jack, then winces when Jack claps him on the shoulder in gratitude. Although Jack has a considerable amount of strength, Hannibal knows he would never intentionally use its full extent on his agents, especially Will, so it's clear something is the matter with *Will* .

"Would you like me to drop you home, Will?" Hannibal asks, taking Jack's place beside him when the other man heads to organise the FBI's next moves.

Will frowns at him. "No. No, I'm not going home, I have a class to teach."

"I was under the impression Jack found someone to cover your lectures on the days he requires your presence elsewhere," Hannibal says, because Jack himself had explained as much to justify his actions several times.

"Usually, yes," Will agrees, "but nobody was available at such short notice and it was only a quick look anyway."

Hannibal wants to argue that it's not the looking itself so much as the lingering aftereffects of doing so that require Will's schedule to remain open, but Will is already halfway to his car by the time a polite version of the words form in his mouth.

With a sigh, Hannibal shifts his focus to his more *official* clients, and doesn't have a chance to worry about Will again until the hour of his appointment. To which he does not appear. He forces himself to wait a respectable ten minutes before calling Will, who picks up just before his patience runs out. "Doctor Lecter?"

"Will. Are you en route to our appointment?" Hannibal asks, keeping his tone carefully neutral.

He hears Will curse softly before the rustling of paper echoes through the phone. "Sorry, I guess I fell asleep. I'm not sure I would arrive in time for even one decent conversation if I left now."

Hannibal frowns, but Will continues before he can express his disapproval: "I'm really sorry, Hannibal. I know it's rude to cancel without notice but could we… reschedule for tomorrow?"

Taking a deep breath, Hannibal nods. "Of course, Will. Fortunately, I have an available spot at the same time tomorrow."

"Thanks," Will replies, relief so evident in his tone that Hannibal knows he would have regretted taking any other cause of action. Besides, Will's usual spot is *always* available for him, so there's no harm in making use of it.

Once again, he has no choice but to press pause on his concerns and let the time pass until he can see Will again. He—thankfully—doesn't even have to wait until their rescheduled appointment as the two of them had previously agreed to meet for lunch the following day, on account of Hannibal's home visit to a client coinciding with one of Will's lectures.

He slips into said lecture just before it ends, his lips curling into a smirk as Will details another of his tableaus. That smirk morphs into a frown once the agents file out and Will leans heavily against the central desk, pinching the bridge of his nose with his eyebrows deeply furrowed.

"Are you feeling alright, Will?" Hannibal asks softly.

Not softly enough, because Will jumps, dropping the glasses that had been hanging from his free hand and breathing sharply for a moment. "Doctor Lecter. I—Sorry, I didn't hear you come in."

"That would be because I was already here," Hannibal explains, "but really, Will…"

Will raises an eyebrow, and it's clear he's amused by Hannibal's reluctance to speak plainly. Deciding to simply play along this time, Hannibal clears his throat and lets his gaze scan Will from head to toe before saying: "You look awful."

"Thank you," Will mutters, bending to pick his glasses up before—much to Hannibal's displeasure—returning them to his face. "My students must have felt the same. Not a single one of them asked a question today."

Hannibal doesn't reply to that, instead unpacking the containers of lunch he'd brought with him and placing them on the desk. "Shall we eat?" he asks.

Will blinks at him slowly before realisation dawns on him and his eyes widen. "We'd… agreed to meet for lunch. God, Hannibal, I'm so sorry, I hadn't even—"

"It's alright," Hannibal interjects, because he'd already suspected it would have slipped Will's mind, judging by how exhausted he'd sounded on the phone the day before. "Luckily for us both, I have an excellent memory."

The two of them take their seats, and Will's eyes momentarily slip shut in satisfaction as he takes the first bite of his food. Hannibal stifles his smile, and begins eating himself so as not to unsettle Will when he re-opens his eyes.

"Hannibal, this is… like nothing I've had before," Will breathes, and the sincerity in his tone makes up for the way he's practically inhaling the meal, barely giving himself time to savour it. "Thank you."

"It's my pleasure, Will. Though I suspect your enjoyment stems mostly from your prolonged hunger," Hannibal replies.

Will pauses with his next forkful mid-air, and worries his lip for a moment. "That's not true," he says quietly, "I would enjoy this just as much otherwise."

Hannibal inhales sharply before offering up a grateful smile, then gesturing for Will to continue eating, which, with only a little reluctance, he does. The two of them say no more until they've finished eating, at which point Will hands back the empty container and sighs deeply. "I'm sorry. I know you'd disapprove but I just haven't had time for cooking, or anything of the sort."

"I understand," Hannibal murmurs, and keeps his eyes on Will's as he lifts a hand to gently brush away residual sauce from the corner of Will's mouth. Will, although stiff and a little wide-eyed, allows him to do so, and leans forwards ever so slightly in chase of his touch when Hannibal pulls back.

He looks embarrassed at the action, and straightens his spine as he turns his gaze towards the floor. "I would appreciate if you didn't share my eating habits with Alana," he says eventually, tiredness seeping back into his voice.

"I take doctor-client confidentiality very seriously, Will," Hannibal assures him, glad to see the small smile his words elicit.

"I'm not really a client," Will argues half-heartedly.

"No," Hannibal agrees, reaching up this time to lift Will's glasses, his fingers just ghosting the other man's skin as he removes the offending item, "I suppose you're not."

Now with little excuse to avoid his gaze, Will looks up at him with a strange expression, somewhere between suspicion and gratitude. But Hannibal is drawn more to the bags under his eyes that seem to have worsened overnight, telltale signs that Will's nap had clearly been the inconvenient and wholly unhelpful kind.

"I'm afraid we may have to reschedule our appointment once again," Hannibal says firmly.

Will frowns, tugged out of his conflicting emotions and into a more straightforward confusion. "I don't understand?"

Hannibal raises his eyebrows, not unkindly but still pointedly enough for Will to understand his reasoning. "Will, you truly do look awful. I must insist that, rather than pushing yourself through conversations that you're reluctant enough to engage in as it is, you simply try to get some rest."

"I—"

"Will,"—Hannibal makes sure to harden his voice only enough to make his point, not wanting to sound as though he's trying to scold the other man—"It really wouldn't be very polite of you to waste our time by falling asleep in the middle of an appointment. It would be far more meaningful to wait another day."

"Right," Will agrees through gritted teeth, visibly deflating, "doctor's orders?"

Hannibal wishes he could have avoided shining a spotlight onto his position of authority, but he accepts the battle as a loss for the greater good, and nods. "Get some rest, Will. Please."

After an extended pause, Will sighs, rubbing the nape of his neck. “I’ll try,” he says quietly, and Hannibal smiles at the makeshift olive branch.

End Notes

are they occ? maybe. do i care? not really. hotel? trivago.

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